

## AN ANGEL IN PLASTER.

Dear smiling little snub-nosed baby face  
With angel wings,  
Be thou the guardian of this house, and grace  
Its sublunary things.

Look laughing down, O blessed babe, and lend  
That guileless charm,  
That beaming joy, to sweeten and defend  
Our dwelling from all harm.

Bid sorrow shun the threshold of this door,  
And memory  
Cease in this place forever to deplore  
What has been — and must be.